

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

Lucette. Clayton le Moors - Dunkenhalgh Hall (currently a hotel) and nearby bridge.

Haunting Manifestation

25 December (reoccurring)

A former maid at the hall, Lucette fell pregnant after a torrid affair with the master - he was not interested in her long term future, so Lucette took her own life. The maid's misty white form now comes back around Christmas to remind others of her fate.

The windswept moors surrounding Clayton le Moors held secrets that whispered through the ages. Among these secrets, there was one that cast a chilling presence each year on the night of December 25th. It was a story that had been passed down through generations, a haunting tale of love, betrayal, and despair.

Dunkenhalgh Hall, a stately manor turned into a hotel, stood as a sentinel on the outskirts of Clayton le Moors. Its grandeur hid a dark and tragic past, a past known to very few. Within the walls of the hall, the ghost of Lucette, a former maid, found no rest.

Lucette was a young and naive girl, a servant at Dunkenhalgh Hall in the late 19th century. Her eyes, like those of many before her, were drawn to the master of the house, a charismatic and dashing gentleman named Edward Fairchild. Edward was not one to be bound by morality, and his torrid affair with Lucette soon left her with a burden she could not bear alone.

As the months passed and Lucette's condition became increasingly difficult to conceal, Edward's interest in her waned. He cared not for her future, nor for the life growing within her. Realizing that her love had been a fleeting fancy for the master, Lucette was plunged into despair. With no other recourse, she took her own life, her spirit departing the world on a cold winter night.

It was on a Christmas night that Lucette's restless spirit first appeared. Her form, a misty white specter, drifted through the grand halls of Dunkenhalgh Hall, silently reminding all of her tragic fate. The guests and staff, unaware of the history that haunted the place, would catch glimpses of her ethereal figure in the corners of their eyes, a flicker of sadness on this most joyous of nights. Each year, as the clock struck midnight on December 25th, Lucette's presence would grow stronger. She would materialize near the nearby bridge, where her life had come to its sorrowful end. Her mournful cries echoed across the moors, a lament for the child she never had the chance to hold, and the love she had lost.

Over time, the legend of Lucette's haunting grew, and those who knew the story would gather on Christmas night to witness the spectral manifestation. Some tried to communicate with her, hoping to offer solace to the tormented soul. Others simply watched in silent reverence, paying their respects to the maid who had met such a tragic end.

As the years passed, Dunkenhalgh Hall became a popular destination for those seeking a thrilling encounter with the supernatural. But amid the excitement and fear, there was always an underlying sense of sympathy for Lucette, a young woman betrayed by love and fate.

And so, on each Christmas night, the spirit of Lucette returned to Clayton le Moors, a poignant reminder of the past. Her story lived on, a testament to the enduring power of love and the consequences of betrayal. In the chill of the winter air, her ghostly presence served as a warning to all who crossed her path, a reminder that even in the grandest of mansions, the darkest secrets could never truly be buried.

By Donald Jay